

Poetry.

ABIDE IN ME.

That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary with striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee;
From this good hour, O leave me nevermore;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me: o'ershadow with Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of
sin;

Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul, as Thine, calm and divine;

As some rare perfume, in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine;
Dwell Thou within it; tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me: there have been moments pure
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy pow-
er;

Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantments of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.

I pray Thee now fulfill my earnest prayer;
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Contributions.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

LUCY GILLASPIE.

"Let your light so shine before men that they
may see your good works and glorify your father
in heaven." Matthew 5: 16.

Let your light so shine. These words
were spoken by our Master and they fall
just as forcibly upon us to-day as they did
upon the multitude to which Jesus was
speaking. By reading the Bible we find
characters whose light was brilliant.
They shone then and the rays are still
coming to us. The light is still streaming
to us from the lion's den and the fiery
furnace and will continue to do so till the
end of time.

A consecrated Christian will let his
light shine at all times; it is his desire
to do so. There are many ways we may
let our light shine. All of us cannot
stand in the sacred desk but we can let
our light shine in our homes and in our
community. We can speak a kind word
to some one who perhaps seldom hears
them. We may not know of any good we
have done but if we have accomplished
any good it is recorded in heaven. Our
lives may be compared to light-houses
that are to guide the sailors over the great
deep upon which they are sailing. Let a

ship leave shore for some distant land, her
sails are spread and waving with the
breeze, the sun is shining bright, the air,
is pure, everything seems to assure the
sailor of a successful voyage. They sail
on for awhile and all is well but soon the
storm begins to rise in the distance, the
thunder is heard and the waves are run-
ning high, the night comes on and soon
the great deep is enveloped in darkness,
the sailors look anxiously for some ray of
light from the light-house but none is to
be seen, the storm is still raging and they
look down into the watery grave, still they
look for some ray of light but none is to
be seen. They drift on and strike against
the rugged rocks, the ship is torn to piec-
es and the sailors sink down beneath the
angry waves. O, what a responsibility is
resting on the light-house keeper.

Life is but a sea on which we are sail-
ing from time to eternity, the barques on
which we are sailing are frail and glide
swiftly along, the voyage from the cradle
to the grave is short.

The vessels on which we sail are liable
at any time to be driven about by storms
of grief and sorrow and despair. We
should therefore study this voyage well or
we may sink beneath the angry waves of
sin to rise no more forever. What a
dreadful fate.

Look at a Christian who has started on
this voyage, he sails on for awhile and all
is well, but after awhile the storms of sin
begin to rise in the distance, he is envel-
oped in darkness, the billows are tossing
high, he loses sight of Jesus; there is no
ray of light to be seen, he gives up and
thinks that he is doomed to sink, but see,
there comes a ray of light streaming across
the waters and guided by that light, he
sails on till he reaches the haven of rest.
All is well, now, the voyage is over, he is
safe at home.

O, are we all letting our light shine who
claim to be Christians? I am glad that
our church is about to let its light extend
beyond America into heathen lands.
There they need the light, and it is our
duty to carry it to them.

Over the ocean wave,
Far, far away,
There the poor heathen lives,
Waiting for day;
Groping in ignorance
Dark as the night;
No blessed Bible
To give them their light.
Pity them, pity them,
Christians at home;
Haste with the bread of life,
Hasten and come.

And there are people in America who
need the light as bad as those in heathen
lands. There are many who sink every
day for want of the light. Can we not

send it to them? Let us work while we
can.

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,
O, haste then my brother, no longer delay,
But throw out the life-line and save them to-day.

THAT BOY.

An address delivered at the Township Sunday-
school Rally, near Auburn, Ill., on August 20, by
Louis S. Bauman.

They tell me this address is limited to
fifteen minutes. My friends, I want to
acknowledge right now my inability to tell
you exactly what is the best thing to do
with that boy in fifteen hours. If there
is any one here that has seen him get into
thirteen different kinds of mischief in so
many minutes,—now tying a tin can full
of fire crackers to the dog's tail,—now
coaxing the cat to eat cayenne pepper,—
now putting parlor matches where mam-
ma will tread on them,—now "entertaining
his big sister's beau,"—and who can get
up here and tell us what to do to make
Sunday-school a chief place of attraction
for him, I am willing to yield my place
on the program with all its glory?

How often have you heard some moth-
er exclaim, "That boy, what will ever
become of that boy," and if the impu-
dent youngster is near, he will most like-
ly be ready with the reply, "Become
president, of course! What else?" And
a thoughtful man might just then be seen
to envelop himself in a serious considera-
tion of a reply that to most people would
seem bare nonsense. For history relates
that one of our late presidents, when a
frolicking lad, had a nurse, who, awed with
the lad's behavior once upon a time, ex-
claimed: "Law-zee, chile, what d'ye
think'll ever 'come of ye." "Dunno!
'Spects I'll become president sometime."
And true to his word he received the high-
est gift that the people of the greatest na-
tion on earth could bestow upon him.

Then dear friends, we should be very
careful how we treat that boy. For he is
one of a great army that will soon capture
this great Christian nation of ours. The
great twentieth century is upon us. It is
going to bring with it mighty questions to
be answered. One of those questions,—
yea the greatest of those questions, is to
decide whether this nation belongs to God
or not. That is to be decided. And if
the people say it does not, then like Rome
and Greece, it is doomed to decay. But
if they answer yes, it is for our country,
true to its ancestry and true to its em-
blem,—it is for this nation to usher in the
millennial day.

Who is to answer this question? I ans-
wer, these boys and girls about us. Here,
at our feet, eagerly drinking what we say,
implicitly obeying our orders, are the